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ACADIA

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ACADIA



THE apple blossoms drift down through still bright air that carries a clean perfume spiced with salt—the scent of orchards by the sea. Beyond their pink and pearl lie the unrestful waters of Minas, stirred by the Fundy tides to strange hues of blent blues and greens and browns, with a terra cotta undercoat of fretted sand.

Some of the trees are old. Two hundred years ago the seeds of some came overseas from Normandie, tossed in Acadian ships. The planting-prayers of the farmers, the quiet radiance of life in Nova Scotia, and the everpresent heartening breath of the sea have kept them sturdily bearing ever since.

The apple blossom might well become the emblem of this land. There is nothing cloying about its perfume. Neither is there anything heady, perilous, unwise to be adventured on. Evangeline could have worn apple blossoms above her peaceful heart. Carmen would have withered them; just as a best seller heroine of to-day would despise them, lacking a florist's name.

Evangeline sprang from the soil of Acadia as naturally as peace steals into the heart of the nowadays visitor. To be sure, she never lived, in mere concreteness of seventeenhood. But the fact that she is a logical, an intuitional, an inspirational expression of Acadia accounts for the fact that among the descendants of those Acadians who really lived there is no one so beloved as this gentle cousin with the steadfast eyes, whose sorrowful fate was built for her out of a poet's brain.



EVANGELINE'S WELL

Evangeline's Land is romantic and beautiful at any time, but in apple-blossom time it is adorable; a riot of blossom everywhere, of purest white, cream and shell pink, and, in the midst of it all in a little hollow or dip in the road one comes upon the tiny village of Grand Pré—straggling down a gentle slope to the basin of Minas. In the Spring the village is almost buried in blossom, and so peaceful now, tho' the scene of so much sorrow and tragedy in the past, of which one is reminded by Evangeline's Well, and an old stone cross, which marks the site where the village once stood. A picturesque row of ancient willows, planted by the Acadians, helps to bring back the pathos and tragedy of that time even now.

ACADIA

Bjarni of Iceland discovered Nova Scotia a hundred years before the Battle of Hastings. Leif Ericson followed him, beating across strange seas for a sight of the low green shores. But for all his bravery, Leif was a child. He trod the white sands; he picked cranberries—and enjoyed them, turkeyless; he went back again and forgot all about it. Or maybe he married a wife in the Viking Isle, and so was tied at home.

Fifteen years before his 1492 voyage of discovery, Columbus went north to Iceland, and doubtless it was with tales of Leif's cranberryland that he persuaded reluctant Isabella out of her diamonds.

But the first authentic appearance of Nova Scotia in print was in Peter Martyr's "Decades of the New World," translated into English in 1555, where we learn that "the Brytons and the Frenche men are accustomed to take fysshe in the coastes of these landes, where is fownd great plenty of Tunnies, which the inhabytauntes caul Baccalaos, whereof the lande was so named."

Baccalaos, if you must know it, is no other than our friend cod, who abounds on the Grand Bank (which stretches five hundred miles from near Newfoundland south), and is found as well on all Nova Scotia coasts, where he may be seen drying by the flat and flaky thousand. To catch him is an afternoon's sport, a sunfilled breeze-haunted memory.

But the most picturesque adventurers to Codland were undoubtedly the crew of the *Acadia*, De Monts and his friends of the Order of Good Times, who settled near the present Annapolis in 1605, to sing and to plant and to eat venison and to convert the heathen, when opportunity offered. There were days of incredible snowstorms, and nights of incredible cold, but the little company held on in



AT ANNAPOLIS ROYAL

At Annapolis Royal—once the busy capital—one is struck by the peace and content which seem to reign everywhere, and perhaps the most peaceful spot is amongst the grass-grown ramparts of the old Fort—softened and rounded by time, and in summer carpeted with wild flowers. A magnificent sweep of wide river mouth lies in front, and the Fort, built on a high bluff, looks over the valleys of the Lequille and Annapolis Rivers on either hand. The buildings still standing are the officers' quarters, which are interesting, and no doubt were considered luxurious in those days, and the old powder magazine, built nearly three centuries ago, and still in excellent repair. A horrible dark dungeon, chill and damp, is built under the ramparts at one angle, and the picturesque sally port is still much as it was in olden days.

ACADIA

the faith of youthfulness, and achieved at least some measure of success. Poutrincourt even took grain samples to Paris that the French King might see what a valuable possession he had acquired without turning his hand over.

But, alas! from the days when Gluskap of the Micmacs, flung the Five Islands at the bad Big Beaver, who had tried to dam up Fundy, somebody has always been expelling somebody else from the Eden of Nova Scotia! French occupation, which commenced with the feasts of the Order of Good Times, ended in the tragedy of Grand Pre.

And yet, pain works itself into peace. The still meadows of Evangeline to-day carry sweet hay and the scent of clover; and far to the south the hundred and fifty thousand returned Acadians who crept back from the loneliness and mists of exile, now dwell at ease on the long roads of Clare, talk the French of Molière, go to church at Pointe de l'Eglise, divide their narrow-stripped little farms for their increasing grandchildren, and lie down in peace at last, no richer—and no poorer—than their fathers were.

The visitor to-day can get the soul-taste of all these phases of history, mingled with the brine of the sea and hazed with that faint dimness that adds the final touch of haunting beauty to the thoughts of yesterday.

Yarmouth, with its spring-green hedges in mid-August, recalls Icelandic Leif. The inhabitants regard their Norse-runed Stone in the light of a town totem pole, and the visitor will prefer to do likewise, even though he has read that certain learned, unimaginative, and be-eyeglassed gentlemen have pronounced it to be of Indian origin. Leif came. And went. He might as well have left a stone. If not, perhaps the thing grew all by itself, like an Evangeline, blended of peat smoke and church bells. Who cares?

Annapolis Royal, De Mont's one-time headquarters, is the gateway to the enchanting lake region with the thrice-



THE BLUE BOAT

The two or three rivers which flow into the Basin of Minas at Five Islands are all picturesque with their old fishing boats stranded high and dry or afloat. It is fascinating to watch the great schooners make their way up on the tide to some lumber mill or wharf a mile or so inland, where at low tide even the smallest boat can scarcely pass. There is a fascination, too, in the tides, as they race over the great flat stretches—a steady onward flow, swift and relentless, till the water once more washes round the crumbling sandstone cliffs, floating the laden schooners and the tiny fishing boats which hurry away on the tide, and somehow leave one feeling rather forlorn, till they come back once more on the next tide.

ACADIA

captivating name—*Kedgemakoogee!* Do you wonder that there are tales of baby moose that eat out of one's hand, or trout too huge for mortal lips to lie about, and even a daring yarn of rich gold quartz in the "Kedgee" country?

And can't you just imagine the Order of Good Times chartering an automobile and having the sport of their young lives in the wild and mazy heaven of the lake region? Perhaps their campfire gleams yonder on one of the three hundred islands of Kedgee, where a lone tenor slips into the haunting cadences of "*Alouette, gentille Alouette*" breaking off as suddenly and waywardly as he began, so that there is no sound but the wind whispering all night long to the stars, and once, in the dark o' the moon, the eerie wail of a loon drifting across chill waters. . . .

Bear River is another and more picturesque way of spelling cherries. All the Digby region is a-sway with robin-calling fairy lamps in spring, but the most perfect of them glow with gypsy lusciousness in the trees around the somnolent little hamlet above the Fundy-tided river from which it takes its name. We have already spoken of Starr's Point apples. There are also Annapolis Valley plums, purple and pulpy, and peaches from the same sheltered country that have the packed sweetness and spice of all Acadia in them. Strawberries are a Yarmouth specialty, and blueberry bushes hide their modest-colored little globes on the top of every sandy ridge throughout the Province. So that Leif of blessed memory would find more than cranberries to lure him from his Vikingess were he to drop anchor in 'Scotian waters to-day.

If there was ever an exotic growth along the dreamy Minas Basin it was "Sam Slick of Slickville", whose creator, Judge Haliburton, lived in Windsor four score years ago. The genial Judge, however, frankly drew his inspiration from the south—thus making up for the psychic



BEAR RIVER

Bear River nestles deep down in a little valley about five miles from the sea on a river from which it takes its name. At low tide there is very little river to be seen—it is reduced to a tiny stream that seems to trickle with difficulty through vast stretches of mud. But when the tide does come up it alters the whole appearance, and the place seems to come to life again as the strong current pushes its way up—running far up the little streams, and beneath the houses, which are built out over the river bed, at the bridge, on high wooden gates—giving a wonderfully picturesque effect, and reflecting all shades of color. The town scrambles up the steep hills, which rise sharply on either side, and beautiful views of the winding river may be seen from almost any point, and quantities of cherry trees everywhere add to the picturesqueness—whether in blossom or laden with the ripe fruit.

ACADIA

force lost to America by Longfellow's excursion northward—and it is a significant fact that Artemus Ward, and the rest of those who owned the Judge's influence, have all been Yankees. Possibly the Haliburton outbreak occurred just where it did as a protest of Nature against the gowned-and-banded decorum of a town that possessed King's College, the oldest university in the British Colonies, organized in 1789, and still in operation.

Halifax carries less of romance than the older towns. Halifax never had a French or an Indian magic name—although the Harbor was called Chebucto, which is Micmac for Mighty Haven. Halifax wasn't colonized by men pushed forward by the fiery soul of the explorer or the Christianizer, but was settled from England at the diplomatic suggestion of Boston, because, forsooth, it was a strategic spot and needed to be occupied by the English if it were not to be virtually handed over to the Acadian French. Lord Halifax, President of the Board of Trade and Plantations, selected between two and three thousand hand-picked colonists, and was, in turn, honored as godfather to the new town.

One spice of romance Halifax can claim, and her name was Madame de Saint Laurent, who might have been Queen of England if her friend, the Duke of Kent, had lived long enough, and if—alas—there had been a wedding-ring on her slender little hand. To be sure, Madame la Baronne is hardly as picturesque a figure as that "flashing senorita" Gregoria Reiez, who now lies in the Annapolis churchyard, but Halifax has the advantage of being the actual scene of the royal romance, and not merely the stage for its curious epilogue, as was Annapolis in the case of the one-time favorite of the Iron Duke.

It is to Old St. Paul's, however, that the searchers for the soul of Halifax had rather look. Built of oak so strong



ORCHARD AT STARR'S POINT

Starr's Point, on the Minas Basin, a few miles from the quaint little town of Port Williams, is not even a village—Starr's Point belongs to the family of Starr's—there are three brothers, and they have comfortable homes in this most beautiful part of the country, where they will receive summer boarders. In the Spring the point is one glorious orchard. Avenues of blossom lead to various beautiful places—amongst them the delightful sandy beach, with its storm-battered cliffs and caves, and the spars and wreckage which the sea leaves behind when its great tides sweep back from the Basin—while Blomidon, in the distance, seems to stand guard over all. Wolfville, and many other interesting places, are within easy distance of the Point.

ACADIA

that a century and a half has failed to mar its beauty or its usefulness, this gift of George II. to his infant town has been associated with everything of moment in the city's history.

Perhaps the most typical figure who ever preached in its precincts was Dr. Charles Inglis, formerly rector of Old Trinity, New York, from 1777 to 1783. Wars and peace treaties were nothing to this staunch royalist in the midst of a revolutionary people, and, week by week, he continued to pray that the King might confound his enemies, when events were proceeding systematically in the other direction.

The troops attended Trinity with fixed bayonets on one momentous Sunday, commanded to puncture the prayer.

And the stubborn rector yielded?

Not at all, sir, not at all!

The soldiers advanced, but the service went on calmly to the last amen, precisely as usual. Having defied his country and—to his mind—obeyed his Church, the rector resigned and plodded north with a party of United Empire Loyalists, bound for Halifax, where he became "the first Colonial Bishop of any British possession in either hemisphere."

It is to the Loyalist spirit, and in the main, to the Loyalist stock, that we owe that most characteristic of Nova Scotian products, its thought-moulding men. Whether as lawmakers, judges, writers, or churchmen, the sons of the Maritime Provinces have exercised an influence in Canada, and throughout the Empire, quite out of proportion to their numbers.

This story is written by Betty D. Thornley. The illustrations and descriptions of illustrations are by Bertha Des Clayes.



FIVE ISLANDS BEACH

Five Islands is all adorable—getting to it and when you are there. Coming from Parrsboro, the little seaport, one drives through miles of beautiful country to get there—there in any case being Mrs. Broderick's delightful farm house, in its quaint old orchard, with the lilac and apple blossom clustering round the windows, and the most glorious scent everywhere. Straight down through the fields in front of the house one comes to the beach—miles of it stretching away in glistening sand and pools of the Five Islands, which lie scattered along the shore about a mile and a half away, and only a shining strip of sea is visible beyond. Masses of rock and scraggy cliffs are delightful to explore till the great tides rush over them again, leaving nothing but a few feet of shingley beach close up to the green meadows.

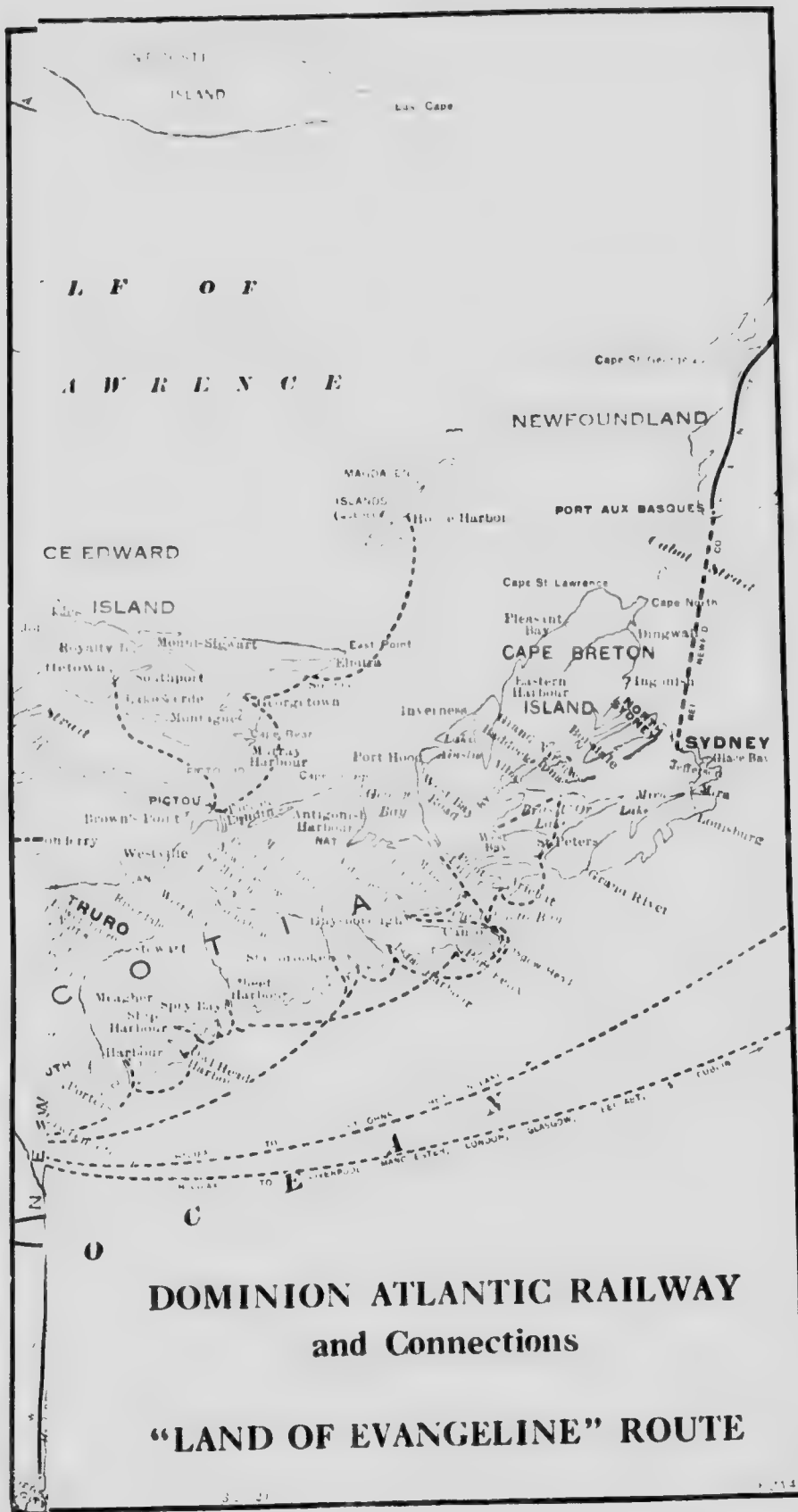


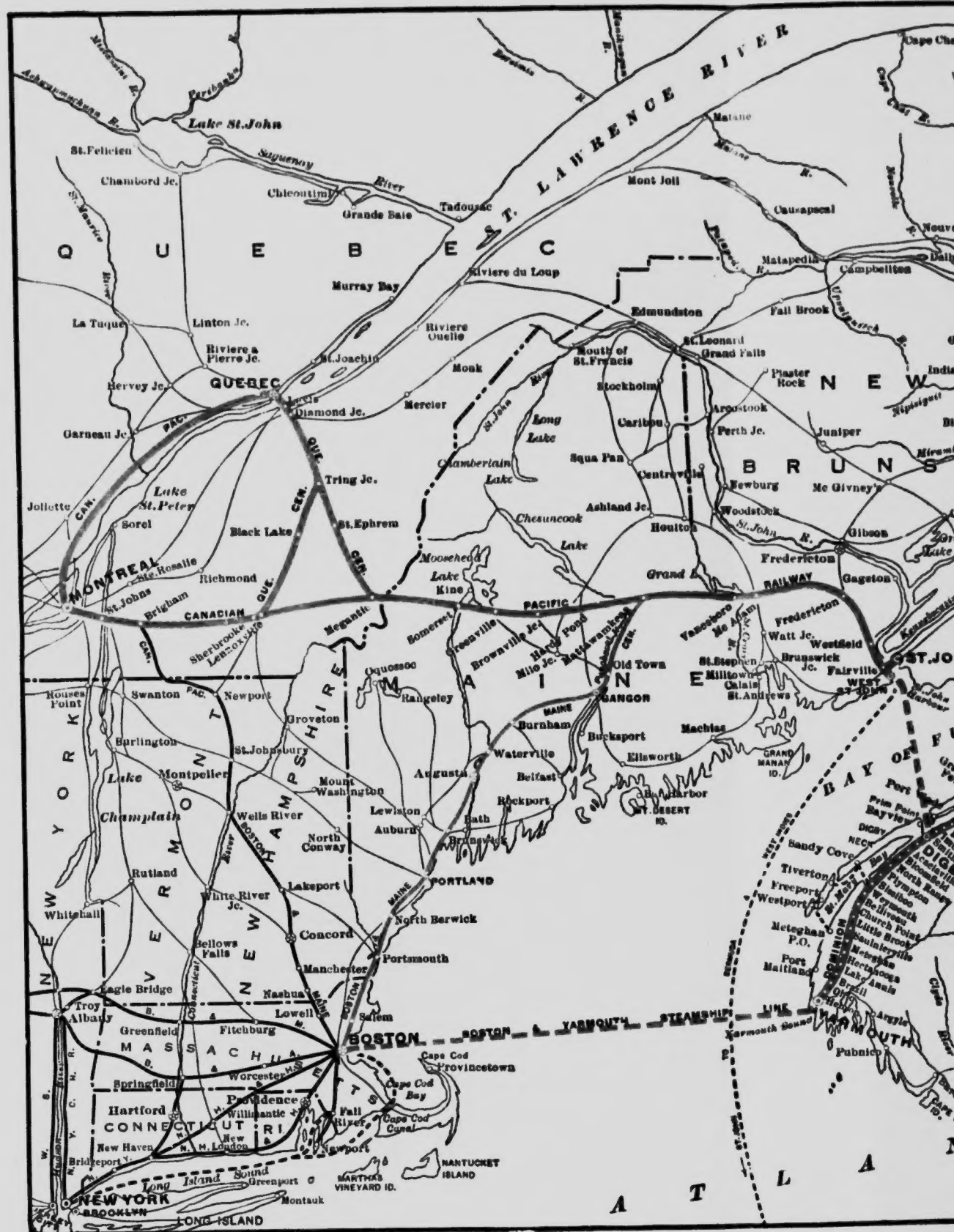
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NORTHWEST ARM, HALIFAX

Out on the picturesque North West Arm—in its sheltered coves, or in the woods on either side, one might be miles away from any city. No sight or sound from the busy town comes to spoil one's enjoyment, yet within half an hour one could be in its busiest thoroughfare. There is excellent bathing, boating, and sailing. There are delightful beaches, where one may land and picnic or roam about the woods and parks. Melville Island, with its quaint old military prison, lies at one side of Melville Cove, a beautiful little bay, where one has glimpses of brightly-painted bungalows between the trees which overhang the banks and cast deep shadowy reflections in the still waters. Numerous gaily-painted canoes and boats with bright sails add life and beauty to the scene.